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JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 63 Park Row.

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INTO THE FOG AGAIN?

THE demand of the United States Government that Germany recall its military and naval attaches at Washington, the conviction of the Hamburg-American Line officials, the arrest of Baron won Brincken, friend of the German Vice Consul in San Francisco, combine with the opening of Congress and the failure of Germany so far to disavow the sinking of the Lusitania to bring the American people again face to face with grave possibilities as regards their future relations with the German Empire.

At the present moment nothing could seem more desirable than a plain, straightforward statement, whether friendly or otherwise, from Berlin reaffirming or repudiating past pledges, making clear the final decision of the German Government in the Lusitania case, and proving that the Kaiser's advisers at least recognize the determination of the United States to permit no interference with its laws on the part of German agents from wherever directed.

It is probably too much to expect such frankness from the Wilhelmstrasse. Experience does not encourage us to hope for it.

As a preliminary to further negotiation, however, would it be amiss to point out to the German Foreign Office in polite but plain terms that what the United States has had to say to other nations since the beginning of the war it has said with openness, sincerity and consistency, and that by such standards in diplomatic intercourse it is more than ever inclined to measure its esteem and limit its patience.

The peace chatterers have put to sea. Now there may be a little quiet in which to do some real and necessary thinking for the country.

NEW RECORDS.

ANK EXCHANGES throughout the country for last week reached a total of \$1,936,000,000, the biggest ever recorded in the United States. Checks drawn during the week amounted to 60 per cent. more than the total for the same time a

Making some allowance for the fact that a year ago the Stock Exchange was closed, there is nevertheless no shadow of doubt that demestic business and finance are at the present moment developing symptoms of exuberant health. Money rates have never been so low at this season of the year. The banks steadily gain cash. Confidence so more and more apparent in bigger orders and expanding plants.

We are not talking of munition industries. War supplies are not alone responsible for overtaxed railroads and a serious shortage of freight cars. The country is manufacturing more, buying more, transporting more for its own consumers.

Phenomenal foreign trade is a tremendous stimulus. But prosperity goes deepest and lasts longest when it soaks to the roots of domestic business.

Help it to percolate.

DIG ON.

OL. GQETHALS'S full and detailed report on recent slides in the canal carries more weight than anything hitherto said on the subject. The experience of Col. Geethals, backed by scientific opinion of geologist McDonald, who, employed for the lose, has from time to time made thorough studies of the slides, on the slides of the diem, ought to hold its own with the theories of any commission may now set forth to look over the ground.

Col. Goethals explains exhaustively how the slides started what purpose, has from time to time made thorough studies of the slide poetry-writing, using a piece of compreblem, ought to hold its own with the theories of any commission mon chalk and composing the rhymes that may now set forth to look over the ground.

t may now set forth to look over the ground.

Col. Goethals explains exhaustively how the slides started, what been done to handle them and exactly what results have been located over Tell Bogard's meat market. In her hair was a red tiped. He has the closest first-hand knowledge of the facts. has been done to handle them and exactly what results have been From that knowledge he expresses his belief that in the end the canal can be permanently cleared. The removal of some 10,000,000 talk.

In her hair was a red principal Schoonerbler made the pressumed wall to convey to the children. Principal Schoonerbler made the pressumed wall to convey to the children of the canal can be permanently cleared. The removal of some 10,000,000 talk. cubic yards of earth will do it. Meanwhile there is every reason to hope that an open channel for ships can be most of the time successfully maintained.

The gist of his conclusions as to the future is, of course, what mainly interests us.

"If experience counts for aught," he says, "then that gained in the handling of the slides and the breaks that have occurred along the line of the canal leaves no doubt that the means adopted and now in use will effect a cure in the slides that now close the canal; furthermore that when cured no further troubles need be anticipated from slides in this locality.

This is definite enough to stagger the pessimists. Col. Goethals has earned the right to be listened to. Without wasting time and meney on super-investigations, therefore, let the digging go on.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

It is hard for a man with a griev-ance, remarks Jerome, gritting his tremely narrow, it would be attrac-teeth, to stick to the truth.—Memphis tive to more persons.—Albany Jour-

A lot of men have been thrown while trying to ride a hobby.

Whenever we hear a man start a prophecy with "mark my words," we know instinctively that we are in for

something unpleasant.—Philadelphia

Speaking of the eternal fitness of things, possibly it has escaped your notice that Etta Bean lives in Bos-ton.—Columbia State.

Remember, ladies, the earlier you do your shopping the more opportunities you will have to exchange your purchases before Christmas.—Boston

If there were not insistence that Transcript

Letters From the People

vehicles. Police Commissioner Woods is quoted as saying we shall send letter to the owners of commercial cars saking them to adjust automobiles to attain a speed not greater than 15 miles per hour. I suggest that Mr. Woods might make greater progress by appealing to the chauffeurs, them
Tam a chauffeur and in a digust the cars, so as to make better time. If this change is not made by the chauffeur, he may be forced to resign. I've had that experience. Engineers are sometimes called upon to increase the pressure in steam boilers, cipal Schoonerbler in order to secure an engineer's the chitaren joined in the chauffeurs. It is not possible that the chauffeurs license could be a subjects for poems. selves. I am a chauffeur and in a the

To the Editor of The Dennis World:

I have been reading about the accidents and deaths caused by motor vehicles. Police Commissioner Woods

Peace (at Home)



the The Proce Publishing Co. By J. H. Cassel



Ellabelle Mae Doolittle

By Bide Dudley

right, 1915, by the Prem Publishing Co. (The New York Brening World),

Reflections of

When Miss Doolittie finished, she was given a copy of "The Life of Kid Broad" as a token of esteem. Principal Schoonerbier made the pres-entation speech. He said the book

talk.

"My dear little ones." Miss Doolittle began, "I appear before you to
tell you how to court the muse.
Some of you in years to come will
be great poets and will write rhymes
for the Farmers' Record, the Delhi
Bazoo and other publications. Therefore a little coaching will not come
amiss."

At this juncture the poeters re-quested Principal Schoonerbler to make Shrewsbury Wheep, son of the cobbler, stop pinching Tiny Nickel-haus, as it was disturbing her (the

my dear little Shrewsbury," said Miss Doolittle in a kind-ly tone, "that you are pinching her on impulse."

"No, ma'am!" came from Tiny.
"He's pinchin' me in the back." Principal Schoonerbier laughed, but not until he had apticed that the poetess was smiling at the uncon-scious humor of the little girl. The

pinching was stopped.
"Now," continued Miss Doolittle,
"Twill explain poetry writing. First
think of a subject; then get a good
pencil or a pen and write your peem.
If you find a good idea the rest will
be easy. Now I will demonstrate my be easy. Now I will demonstrate my suggestion. A moment ago Shrewshury Wheep was pinching Tiny Nickelhaus in the back. That, my dear children, is a fine idea for a poem of the higher sort. I'll write it for you if you'll promise not to copy it down and endeavor to sell it." Principal Schoonerbler told the chil-

dren to give their promise by holding up their hands, and every last one did. Thereupon Miss Doolittle wrote on the blackboard as follows:

the blackhoard as follows:
Shressiany When puched little Thy
the never should have done it.
He might have burt been ittle spiny
Dwn't do such children' shun it!
It would not bere been so had to tickle.
For that doesn't really burt. But plushing gets one in a pickle, Especially if she basn't on a thick shirt,

My alater's child, Teeney Ricketta, Fell ever a big black day. They both rolled around in the attest. Teeney, have you been drinking grey! But getting back to this pinching— Why, children, I'm surrofted Also, don't thrus paner wade at all, You might bit somebody in the ere.

run your fingers through its hair and call it pet names; but, on the other When the poem was finished, Prinhand, you always know just when it's coming in and where it's going out. cipal Schoonerbler applauded and the children joined in. Miss Doolittle

to the chauffeurs, themfiring or oiling. Is it not possible that "Things you see are often excellent little courtesles if they forgot to try to kiss a girl after a few hours'
they that many owners granted only on the same bestal a strate this theory by writing a poem sequentialnes.

The Jarr Family -By Roy L. McCardell-

Copyright, 1815, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World), DO want it and most cer- "My dear," said Mr. Jarr com-

dress, of course. Mrs. Jarr named the price, but this the dress." was in confidence. Mr. Jarr whistled. Gee, I could got three suits of clothes and an overcoat for that!" he

"I know you didn't want me to have ft," said Mrs. Jarr, almost tearfully. "Oh, I could get the kind of clothes you want me to wear, but you know as well as I do that one cannot get something for nothing. Good clothes are cheapest in the end. If you buy shoddy things they wear shoddy in

a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

Copyright, 1915, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World), "JES" 'FORE CHRISMUS."

How tenderly the chambermaid asks how I feel to-day.

Oh, life will be one long, sweet dream-for three weeks more.

My nephews and my nieces and my cousins, one and all, They welcome me with kisses fond and fervent when I call.

lets a man kiss her when she doesn't want him to-much.

I'm getting SO conceited—though I never was before.

dying embers of another.

to the altar and take one for life.

seen too much of the wrong kind.

How joyously the bellhop rushes out to hold the door.

"Dream on, dear heart," I hear you say, "for three weeks more."

should remember that she is not looking for the truth, but for something

so often because he has never seen "the right woman" as because he has

When a man lives and dies "with his bachelor buttons on" it is not

Of course, a salary is not "as good as a husband," because you can't

tainly I need it," said Mrs. Posedly, "If you want the dress and if you have the money, get it. So far as The topic was a new I can understand, although the price does seem a little high to a poor man, "How much is it?" asked Mr. Jarr. there is only one fault I can see in

"What fault is that? You are rays finding fault," said Mrs. Jarr. "It isn't good enough for you," said Mr. Jarr.

T OW sweetly smiles the waiter as he brings my breakfast tray, appointment.

dress now. I'm not hard upon my clothes, and, as you well know, I It takes a lot of psychological analysis for a girl to discover why she have some things that I got when I was married and they are almost as good as new." (Mr. Jarr was always "chain smoker" is a person who lights one cigarette from the dying hearing of these things, but he never end of another, and a "chain lover" is a man who lights one flame from the saw them.) "But I can't wear them," Many a girl who can't take a joke for a minute will walk calmly up now and at once. I simply have noth-When a woman asks her husband how he likes her in her new hat he

ing to wear and you know it!" "And you HAVE to have it now?" asked Mr. Jarr, digging down in his pocket.

"It's either that or stay in the house," replied Mrs. Jarr.

"Well, here's the money. Go downtown and get it," said Mr. Jarr, producing.

"Oh," said Mrs. Jarr, "the dress is here. The boy's waiting for the money.

own with me," said Mrs. Jarr. "I guess NOT!" said the good lady.

There are some men who would feel that they had neglected one of the 'I'm not going to wear it till Christ-

The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces By Albert Payson Terhune

Copyright, 1915, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World), No. 82 .- "THOU ART THE MAN!" by Edgar Allan Poe. R. BARNABAS SHUTTLEWORTHY was an English squire-jovial, elderly, rich--who dwelt near the village of Rattleborough a century or so ago. He had a nephew, Pennifeather by name-a

dissolute young chap-and a crony whom he loved and whom his

nephew hated. This crony, Charles Goodfellow, was as jolly and elderly as Shuttleworthy himself. The two old friends used to dine together every few days, on which occasions they would get very pleasantly tipsy over several bottles of Shuttleworthy's Chateau Margaux wine. On one such evening Shuttleworthy declared:

"I'm going to send an order to London for a double box of the best Chateau Margaux that can be got and I'll make you a present of it, Charley! It'll come to hand one of these fine days precisely when you're looking for it the least."

The jollity of the dinner was marred a little later by a hot quarre between Pennifeather and Goodfellow, which ended in the nephew knock. ing Goodfellow down. The row caused quite a scandal in Rattleborough; but something soon occurred to drive it out of the public mind.

Shuttleworthy set off on horseback early one morning to ride to a city fifteen miles away. He carried a large sum of money to deposit in a bank there. A few hours afterward his riderless horse staggered homeward. bullet through its chest, and presently died of its wound

Goodfellow told the neighbors there was no use in making a search just et, as Shuttleworthy would probably come home on foot before long. But Pennifeather insisted. He led a search party to scour the woods and fields on either side of the road. Good-

Clues to the Crime.

fellow joined in the hunt. The searchers tracked Shuttleworthy's steps to marshy pool in a forest. Goodfellow suggested that they drain the pool. They did so. At the bottom was found a black velvet vest, torn and bloody—a vest recognized as one of Pennifeather's. A few steps further on Goodfellow picked up a bloodstained knife with Pennifeather's initials on the handle. And from time to time in the hunt he

found various other clues. Returning to the Shuttleworthy house, he examined the body of the slath horse and extracted from its wound a bullo, of the same calibre as those used in Pennifeather's rifle. As a result of all this the missing man's nephew was arrested, tried for murder and condemned to death. although Shuttleworthy's body had not yet been found. Goodfellow won much credit in the village by his eloquent pleas in Pennifeather's behalf and for his heartbroken regret at having found the clues against him.

A few days before the date set for the convicted man's execution an ormous box labelled "Chateau Margaux" and bearing the imprint of a firm of London wine merchants was delivered at Goodfellow's door. Goodow at once remembered his old crony's promise. Touched by Shuttleworthy's thoughtfulness in having orderd such a gift for him, he invited a crowd of friends to dinner to sample the wine,

The great box was placed on the dinner table and pried open. Inside lay the murdered body of Barnabas Shuttleworthy!

With a shrick, Goodfellow reeled to his feet and in

A Gruesome Surprise.

fell across the table beside the gruesome box-stone The mystery of the box was easily explained. A detective in the neighborhood had been present when Shuttleworthy promised Goodfellow the wine. He had also been present when Pennifeather knocked Good-fellow down, and he had heard Goodfellow swear revenge. He had ex-amined the body of the horse and had found that the bullet which pierced. the animal's chest had passed out behind one shoulder. This had proved to him that Goodfellow's claim of the bullet in the wound was a lie, and the detective made a search for Shuttleworthy's body on his own account. He found it in a dry well in the forest. Goodfellow had dragged it thither after killing his friend from ambush and shooting the latter's horse and robbing the corpse, and had then put "clues" where the scarchers could find them.

a choked voice poured out a detailed confession of the murder. Then, his heart collapsing from the shock, he

The detective had loaded the body into a wine box and had sent it to Goodfellow, foreseeing that the shock would drive the murderer to confess. The Woman Who Dared

By Dale Drummond

Copyright, 1915, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

man, calling, unless he were at home. cused of exaggeration because he had And when I rebelled, and reminded The morning's mail had brought me him that I had some rights as well as a letter from Clara Mullen. She was

late with some charitable movement,

Coordight, 1918, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

CHAPTER XIV.

HAD gone at my studies with

a new resolution to make
myself proficient.

Haskall had absolutely
forbidden me to receive any

Mr. Jarr.

This helped some, but not very much. Mrs. Jarr had an object in view and Mr. Jarr waited calmiy for its disclosure.

"Of course, I CAN do without it," she faltered.

"Go and get it then, if you have to have it, I'm satisfied," said Mr. Jarr.

"Of course, it does seem a lot of money, but when I tell you that it money, but when I tell you that it any one here I'll not only discharge to me lot of any one here I'll not only discharge to me lot of any one here I'll not only discharge.

And when I received, and remains a letter from Clara Mullen. She was fill, and, while giving me no address, said she was in New York, and that should ash become worse would send for me. Also she had left a lotter to be forwarded to me in case she should die suddenly. The baby was well, and she described him to me as being good and not trouble to her, even though the letter. Why, I don't know. But I determined to find the girl if possible. The envelope bore an east side post-

"Of course, it does seem a lot of "How could you, before a servant?"

"I'll see who's master in this house, and it couldn't be duplicated for twice the money, and it's such a bargain at the price, it seems a sin and a shame to lose it," said Mrs. Jarr.

"But if it's such a bargain, other women will recognize the fact. It's probably gone by now," said Mr. Jarr, and his tone implied deep resignation, as if it were too bad, but Mrs. Jarr must make the most of her disappointment.

"Oh, it's being held for me," said Mrs. Jarr quickly.

"Oh, that will be all right then," said Mr. Jarr. "I'll have some extra money in a week or two and you can pay the rest then."

"In a week or two?" echoed Mrs. Jarr. "I simply have to have a new dress now. I'm not hard upon my less with some charitable movement, and that does not money in a woman's club, to be allowed to affiliate with some charitable movement, are then the barby and the power of bringing up the server only one in the proper in this house. And let me tell you if I ever find any one here I'll not only discharge James, but will throw the caller out after him." I shuddered, as I knew from has a sin and a shame to lose the min it shudered, as I knew he was quite capable of doing as he he he held be mark and the great house of the file. The envelope bore an east side poet-mark, and that was all the que the hew as quite capable of doing as he held elleving letters tucknow? The was the only man whose society of the mark and the give in he held of the mark and the mark and the mark and the give in he held of the flow of the feer. Why, I

(To Be Continued.)

When Christmas Was Young.

saw them.) But I can't wear them, she continued, "they are out of style across the mind and we find our-urnalia and it was marked by univerand my figure is fuller now, and so selves wondering why we do the very salf license and good feeling.

It isn't as if I were hard upon my clothes, for I am not. But if I am to have a new dress, I must have it homes and have plum pudding?

Salf
urnalia and it was marked by universal license and good feeling.

All at once Christianity appeared upon the scene. As the policy of the early Church was to reconcile heathen converts to the new faith by agith and the scene.

or St. Augustine told the story of the Cross to the men of Kent. Hundreds of years ago—long before the year 1—the ancients, as we call the people of those times, all worshipped the sun, the great giver of light and life. In the month of March they built big sern rites, and as Christianity at last replaced paganism, the Christian test. fires to it, asking it to shine upon the seeds they had planted and warm them into life. In the autumn they held another festival, thanking the sun for the harvest, and again, in the winter time, they held the greatest festival of all to celebrate the coming of the springtime.

Treplaced paganism the Christians kept the old pagan rites, merely changing their meaning. For many years no two lands celebrated the same day as the birthday of the springtime.

of the springtime.

In the midst of the rush and ex-citement of Christmas prepara-december of Christmas prepara-wherever the Roman eagle was tions certain questions will flash found, this feast was called the Sat

mas. Why do was trees, trim our light Christmas trees, trim our homes and have plum pudding?

To understand the origin of these customs we must wander far back into the forgotten past—ages before Julius Caesar set foot on British soil, or St. Augustine told the story of the Cross to the men of Kent. Hundreds Cross to the men of Kent. Hundreds which we use at Christmas time to-

estival of all to celebrate the command of the springtime.

In ancient Egypt, in Assyria, in world united in observing December

Greece, on Roman soil and in the northlands these festivals were cele-porthlands these festivals were cele-brated year after year and siways